

**T. B. QUINBY,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Offices—Accomac C. H. and Onancock  
Will be at Court House Wednesday  
and court days.  
Prompt attention to all business.

**J. W. G. Blackstone, J. A. Bundick,**  
**BLACKSTONE & BUNDICK,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in all the State courts.

**THOS. W. RUSSELL,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Practices in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

**N. B. Wescott, B. F. Gunter, Jr.,**  
**WESCOTT & GUNTER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Offices—Accomac C. H. and at home  
of N. B. Wescott, near Mappsburg.  
Practice in all courts on the Eastern  
Shore of Virginia.

**L. FLOYD NOCK,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in all courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.  
Prompt attention to all business.

**JAMES H. FLETCHER, JR.,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
—Accomac C. H., Va.—  
Practices in all the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

**OTHO F. MEARS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Eastville, Northampton county, Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton.

**STEWART K. POWELL,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Will practice in all the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.  
Office—Onancock, Va.  
Will be at Accomac C. H., every  
Wednesday and court days.

**L. J. HARMONSON, W. M. STURGIS,**  
**DRS. HARMONSON & STURGIS,**  
—DENTISTS—  
Onancock, Va.  
Will visit Parkley second Monday  
of each month.  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

**DR. THOS. B. LEATHERBURY,**  
—DENTIST—  
—Onancock, Va.—  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

**DR. S. B. WARD,**  
—DENTIST—  
—Bellevue, Va.—  
Bridge and Crown work a specialty.

**D. FRANK WHITE,**  
—COUNTY SURVEYOR—  
—Parkley, Accomac County, Va.—  
Offers his services to citizens of Accomac  
and Northampton.  
Thoroughly equipped with latest  
and best instruments.

**EDWARD L. ANDERSON,**  
**SURVEYOR,**  
—Belle Haven, Accomac Co., Va.—  
—PARKLEY, ONANCOCK, VA.—  
—Pictures of houses, etc., to be built tell  
exactly how it will look when completed.  
Surveying done promptly, and at moderate  
prices.

**W. M. NEEDLES, L. F. J. WILSON, J. P. CON-**  
**FRANKLIN CITY,**  
Va.  
—Valuators and Spil  
Adjusters of and  
Collectors of Claims.

**NEEDLES & WILSON,**  
Real Estate, Fire Insurance, Building  
and Loan Association Agents.  
Franklin City, Accomac County, Va.

**Kelly, Nottingham & Kellam**  
**GENERAL**  
**Insurance Agents,**  
—and dealers in—  
Fine Buggies, Mowing Machines  
(the Rambler Bicycle and other  
good makes, Tomatoes, &c., &c.)  
—ONANCOCK, VA.—

**Agricultural Insurance Co.,**  
of Watertown, N. Y.  
Capital \$50,000  
Assets to produce interest \$100,000  
Surplus to policyholders \$100,000  
Surplus to stockholders \$100,000  
A. Frank Byrd, Agent for R. S. Va.,  
Temperanceville, Va.  
Solicitor for New York and Chicago  
Lloyds, South and North American  
Lloyds, 35 Liberty St., New York—  
Whipple & Co., attorneys.  
Correspondence solicited.

**HOUSE OF BATHING BENT,**  
—SYKES, VA.—  
G. W. GREEN, Proprietor.  
Patronage of travelling public so-  
lited.  
Board first-class. Horses fed.  
The proprietor offers his services  
also as Notary Public.

**Parker House,**  
A. PARKER, Proprietor.  
Pocomoke City, Md.  
Townsend's Livery Attached.  
Free Sample Room.

**You Must Have Time!**  
It is an absolute necessity!  
In these days of railroads and general  
push, no one can afford to be  
without a timepiece, considering, too,  
how cheap they are. The only ques-  
tion is, where you shall buy it. I  
make it a decided object for you to  
buy it of me, you save more than I  
make by it. Also all kinds of

**JOHN W. DUNCAN**  
—JEWELER—  
North Street, Onancock, Va.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all kinds  
and prices Spectacles, Silverware, &c.

Charles H. Ames, with  
**The Tabb & Jenkins Hardware Co.**  
Importers Manufacturers Agents Wholesale  
Polesstin

**Hardware,**  
**Cutlery,**  
**Guns, &c.,**  
Wholesale Agents for  
**CRAWFORD BICYCLES.**  
Send for catalogue and discount.

107 Hopkins Place,  
Baltimore, Md.

**FRANK M. BAKER & CO.**  
Importers and Jobbers of

**Queensware,**  
**Glassware, Lamps, &c.**  
307 WEST GERMAN ST.,  
Baltimore, Md.

Represented by W. E. DOUGHTY.

**F. A. DAVIS & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in

**Tobacco and Fine Cigars.**

N. E. cor. Howard & German Sts.  
Baltimore, Md.

Represented by  
**FRANK W. BYRD.**

**Cemetery Work.**  
**Monuments,**  
**Headstones,**  
**Tablets,**  
—New and Beautiful Designs in Marble and  
Granite.

**GADDESS BROS**  
No. 100 N Charles St.,  
above Fayette St., and  
314 South Charles Street,  
Baltimore, Md.

**The Somerset,**  
—308 N. Eutaw St.—  
Baltimore, Md.

This is to inform my friends  
and the public in general that I  
have removed to the above ad-  
dress, and that good board and  
first-class accommodations can be  
secured. Grand location.  
Take white car going west at  
Baltimore and South Sts.  
Parties notifying us will be  
met at boat.

**Mrs. Lily Dix Nelson.**

**NEW**  
**Fountain Hotel**  
Cor. Pratt & Calvert Sts.,  
Baltimore, Md.  
—EUROPEAN PLAN—  
Rooms 50 cts., 75 cts. and \$1 per day.  
This house is now open, is entirely  
new and is equipped with all the  
modern conveniences—elevator, elec-  
tric lights, electric call bells, steam  
heat baths, &c.

**BERNARD REILLY,**  
Proprietor.

**DAVID B. TAYLOR & CO**  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
**PLAIN, STAMPED AND JAPANESE**  
**TINWARE,**  
**STOVES AND**  
**HOLLOWWARE,**  
**103 S. HOWARD ST.**  
Baltimore, Md.

**Wm. H. Whiting & Co.,**  
*Galvanized Goods a specialty*  
**Vessel Fittings,**  
**Blacksmithing and Galvan-**  
**izing done promptly.**  
216 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

**Whiting & Wailes Co.**  
**Wooden and Willow Ware,**  
Brooms, Brushes, Cordage,  
Matches, &c.,  
N. W. Cor. South & Pratt Streets,  
Baltimore, Md.

**T. H. KEPNER & CO.**  
Produce  
**Commission—**  
**—Merchants,**  
South St., and Bowly's wharf.  
Baltimore.

**Sweet Potatoes a specialty.**  
Shipping Letter H  
Geo. W. Winder Alex. B. n. l.

**G. W. WINDER & CO.,**  
**Commission Merchants,**  
—Dealers in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams,  
—and—  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties.  
119 Hollingsworth St.,  
Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter "W."  
E. S. WISE, with

**I. P. Justis & Co.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS**  
5 E. Camden St., Baltimore

**Sweet Potatoes a Specialty.**  
Fruits, Vegetables and Produce  
Shipping Letter, "F."  
Agents for the Pangoteague and  
Cashville Farmers' Associations.  
No drummers employed.  
R. L. Perkins  
Salesman 7 years for W. S. Byrd

**R. L. PERKINS & CO.,**  
—Wholesale—  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT.**  
—Dealer in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams, and  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties.  
26 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md  
Shipping Letters A & A  
W. H. Bonnewell, Agent,  
MAPPSPURG, VA.  
H. F. Kilmun, Agent,  
Rue's Wharf.

**W. R. BYRD & CO.,**  
**Commission Merchants in**  
Early Fruits, Vegetables, Terra-  
pins, Wild Fowl, Eggs, Poul-  
try, and all kinds of  
**Country Produce**  
—122 Cheapside,—  
—Baltimore.—  
Shipping Letter, "D."  
THE —

**—MALTBY HOUSE,—**  
18 to 28 E. PRATT ST.,  
BALTIMORE, VA.  
O. A. FOWLER, Manager,  
Baltimore, Md.  
European Plan 75 cts. to \$1.25 per day.  
American " \$2.00 to \$2.50 "

**A NOTE OF TRIUMPH.**  
REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON OF RE-  
JOICING.

Christ Is Arising From the Abuse of the  
World—His Name the Most Popular on  
Earth—Scorners Have Become Worship-  
ers—Infidels Return to God.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—This sermon  
sounds the note of triumph, a note that  
all will be glad to hear in these times,  
when so many are uttering and writing  
jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Tal-  
mage took as his text Genesis xlix, 10,  
"Unto him shall the gathering of the  
people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what  
I might call a prophescope, dying Jesus  
looks down through the corridors of the  
centuries until he sees Christ the center  
of all popular attraction and the greatest  
being in all the world, so everywhere  
acknowledged. It was not always so.  
The world tried hard to put him down  
and to put him out. In the year 1200,  
while excavating for antiquities 53  
miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate  
tablet was found containing the death  
warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, read-  
ing in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Ti-  
berius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March,  
I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Pro-  
vince, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to dis-  
between two thieves, Quintus Cor-  
nelius to lead him forth to the place of  
execution."

The death warrant was signed by  
several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi  
Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi;  
thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet,  
a private citizen. This capital punish-  
ment was executed according to law.  
The name of the thief crucified on the  
right hand side of Christ was Dismas.  
The name of the thief crucified on the  
left hand side of Christ was Gestas.

Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy  
says the whole world lighted candles  
from noon until night. Thirty-three  
years of maltreatment. They ascribe his  
birth to bastardy and his death to ex-  
ecution. A wall of the city, built  
about those times and recently exposed  
by archeologists, shows a caricature of  
Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt  
in which he was held by many in his  
day, that caricature on the wall repre-  
sented a cross and a donkey nailed to  
it and under it the inscription, "This is  
the Christ whom the people worship."

But I rejoice that that day is gone by.  
Our Christ is coming out from under  
the world's abuse. The most popular  
name on earth today is the name of  
Christ. Where he had one friend Christ  
has a thousand friends. The scoffers  
have become the worshippers. Of the 20  
most celebrated infidels in Great Britain  
in our day 16 have come back to Christ,  
trying to undo the blunders of their  
lives—16 out of the 20. Every  
man who writes a letter or signs a docu-  
ment, wittingly or unwittingly, honors  
Jesus Christ. We date everything as B.  
C. or A. D.—B. C. before Christ; A.  
D. Anno Domini, in the year of our  
Lord. All the ages of history on the  
pivot of the upright beam of the cross  
of the Son of God, B. C., A. D. I do  
not care what you call him—whether  
Conqueror or King or Morning Star or  
Sun of Righteousness or Balm of Gilead  
or Lebanon Cedar or Brother or Friend  
or take the name used in the verse from  
which I take my text and call him  
Shiloh, which means his Son, or the  
Transcendent, or the Peace-maker, Shi-  
loh. I only want to tell you that "unto  
him shall the gathering of the people be."

**Gathering Around Christ.**  
In the first place, the people are gather-  
ing around Christ for pardon. No sen-  
sible man or heartily ambitious man  
is satisfied with his past life. A fool  
may think he is all right. A sensible  
man knows he is not. I do not care  
who the thoughtful man is the review  
of his lifetime behavior before God and  
man gives to him no special satisfac-  
tion. "Oh," he says, "there have been  
so many things I have done I ought not  
to have done; there have been so many  
things I have said I ought never to have  
said; there have been so many things I  
have written I ought never to have  
written; there have been so many  
things I have thought I ought never to  
have thought; I must somehow get  
things readjusted. I must somehow  
have the past reconstructed. There are  
days and months and years which cry  
out against me in horrible vociferation."  
Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past  
by obliterating it. He does not erase  
the record of our misdoing with a dash  
of ink from a register's pen, but lifting  
his right hand, crushed, red at the  
palm, he puts it against his bleeding  
brow and then against his pierced side,  
and with the crimson accumulation of  
the holiest of fathers and the accom-  
panying chapter. He blots out our iniqui-  
ties. Oh, never be anxious about the  
future; better be anxious about the  
past! I put it not at the end of my ser-  
mon; I put it at the front—mercy and  
pardon through Shiloh, the sin pardon-  
ing Christ. "Unto him shall the gather-  
ing of the people be." "Oh," says  
some man, "I have for 40 years been as  
bad as I could be, and is there any mer-  
cy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh," says  
some other man, "I had a grand ances-  
try, the holiest of fathers and the accom-  
panying chapter, and for my peridy there is  
no excuse! Do you think there is any  
mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But,"  
says another man, "I fear I have com-  
mitted what they call the unpardonable  
sin, and the Bible says if a man com-  
mits that sin he is neither to be forgiven  
in this world nor the world to come.  
Do you think there is any mercy for  
me?" The fact that you have any soli-  
tude about the matter at all proves posi-  
tively that you have not committed the  
unpardonable sin. Mercy for you! Oh,  
the grace of God which bringeth salva-  
tion!

**God's Mercy Innumerable.**  
The grace of God! Let us take the  
surveyor's chain and try to measure  
God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let  
one surveyor take that chain and go to  
the north, and another surveyor take  
that chain and go to the south, and  
another surveyor take that chain and go  
to the east, and another surveyor take  
that chain and go to the west, and then  
make a report of the square miles of that  
kingdom of God's mercy. Are you will  
have to wait to all eternity for the  
report of that measurement. It cannot be  
measured. Paul tried to climb the  
height of it, and he went higher over  
height, altitude above altitude, moun-  
tain above mountain, then sank down

in discouragement and gave it up, for  
he saw Sierra Nevada beyond and Mat-  
terhorn beyond and waving his hands  
back to us in the plains he says, "Hand  
finding out; unsearchable, that in all  
things he might have the pre-eminence."  
You notice that nearly all the sinners  
mentioned as pardoned in the Bible  
were great sinners—David a great sin-  
ner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great  
sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the  
prodigal son a great sinner. The world  
easily understood how Christ could par-  
don these sinners. Oh, Christ, what  
the world wants to be persuaded of is  
that Christ will forgive the worst sin-  
ner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sin-  
ner, the most inexcusable sinner. To  
the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the  
gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will  
gather around Christ as a sympathizer.  
Oh, we all want sympathy! I hear peo-  
ple talk as though they were independ-  
ent of it. None of us could live without  
sympathy. When parts of our family  
are away, how lonely the house seems  
until they all get home! But, alas, for  
those who never come home. Sometimes  
it seems as if it must be impossible.  
What, will their feet never again come  
over the threshold? Will they never  
sit with us at the table? Will they  
never again kneel with us at family  
prayer? Shall I never again look  
into their sunny faces? Shall I never  
again on earth take counsel with them  
for our work? Alas, we, who can stand  
under these griefs? Oh, Christ, thou  
canst do more for a bereft soul than any  
one else! It is he who stands beside us  
to tell of the resurrection. It is he that  
came to bid peace. It is he that comes  
to us and breathes into us the spirit of  
submission until we can look up from  
the wreck and ruin of our brightest ex-  
pectations and say, "Father, not my will,  
but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are  
bereft, ye anguish bitten come into this  
refuge! The roll of those who came for  
relief to Christ is larger and larger  
until Shiloh's omnipotent sympathy  
the gathering of the people shall be.  
Oh, that Christ would stand by all these  
empty cradles and all these desolated  
homesteads and all these broken hearts  
and persuade us to this will!

**Christ's Sympathy.**  
The world cannot offer you any help  
at such a time. Suppose the world  
comes and offers you money. You would  
rather live on a crust in a cellar and  
have your departed loved ones with you  
than live in palatial surroundings and  
they away. Suppose the world offers  
you wisdom. The world offers you  
the presidency to Abraham Lincoln  
when little Willie lies dead in the White  
House? Perhaps the world comes and  
says, "Time will cure it all." Ah, there  
are griefs that have raged on for 30  
years and are raging yet. And yet hun-  
dreds have been comforted, millions have  
been comforted, and Christ had done  
the work. Oh, what a word is sym-  
pathy! The world's heart of sympathy  
beats very irregularly. It gives to our  
arm when we do not want it, and of-  
fends when we are in appalling need of it.  
There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy  
in their work, sympathy in their fa-  
tigues, sympathy in their bereavements,  
sympathy in their physical ailments, sym-  
pathy in their spiritual anxieties, sym-  
pathy in the time of declining years—  
wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty  
sympathy. We must have it, and Christ  
gives it. That is the cord with which  
he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's  
eye flashes, and his teeth set, and his  
fist clinches, and he prepares to do bat-  
tle even though it be against the heav-  
ens. Yet what heart so hard but it will  
succumb to the story of compassion!  
Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and  
helpful. When we have been in some  
hour of weakness, to have a brawny  
man stand beside us and promise to see us  
through, what courage it gives to our  
heart, and what strength it gives to our  
arm. Still mightier is a woman's sym-  
pathy. Let him tell the story who,  
when all his fortunes were gone and all  
the world was against him, came home  
and found in that home a wife who  
could write on the top of the empty  
floor barrel, "The Lord will provide,"  
or write on the door of the empty ward-  
robe: "Consider the lilies of the field,  
for God so clothed the grass of the field,  
will he not clothe us and ours?"

Or let that young man tell the story  
who has gone the whole round of dig-  
nities, the shadow of the penitentiary  
is upon him, and even his father says:  
"Be off! Never come home again!" The  
young man finds still his mother's arm  
outstretched for him, and how she will  
stand at the wicket of the prison to  
whisper consolation or get down on her  
knees before the governor begging for  
pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy  
after all others are hopeless. Or let her  
tell the story who, under villainous al-  
lurement and impatient of parental re-  
straint, has wandered off from a home  
of which she was the idol into the  
murky and thunderous midnight of  
abandonment, away from God, and fur-  
ther away until some time she is tossed  
on the beach of that early home a mere  
splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her  
now? Who will gather these disoriented  
looks into her lap? Who will wash off  
the blood from the gashed forehead?  
Who will tell her of that Christ who  
came to save the lost? Who will put  
that weary head upon the clean white  
pillow and watch by day and watch by  
night until the hoarse voice of the suf-  
ferer becomes the whisper, and the  
whisper becomes only a faint motion of  
the lips, and the faint motion of the  
lips is exchanged for a silent look, and  
the cut feet are still, and the weary  
eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is  
still, and all is still? Who will have  
compassion on her when no others have  
compassion? Mother! Mother!

**A Glorious Saviour.**  
Oh, there is something beautiful  
in sympathy—in manly sympathy, wisely  
sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and  
neighborly sympathy! Why was it that  
a city was aroused with excitement  
when a little child was kidnapped from  
one of the newspapers filled with the  
story of a little child? It was because  
we are all one in sympathy, and every  
parent said: "How if it had been my  
Lizzie? How if it had been my Maud? How  
if it had been my child? How if there had  
been one unoccupied pillow in our trun-  
dle bed tonight? How if my little one  
—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh  
—were tonight carried captive into some  
den of vagabonds, never to come back to

me? How if it had been my sorrow  
looking out of the window watching  
and waiting—that sorrow worse than  
death?" Then when they found her,  
why did we declare the news all through  
the households, and everywhere that  
knew how to say, "Thank God?"  
Because we are all one, bound by one  
great golden chain of sympathy. Oh,  
yes, but I have to tell you that if you  
will aggregate all neighborly, manly,  
wisely, motherly sympathy, it will be  
found only a poor starving thing com-  
pared with the sympathy of our great  
Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sor-  
rows of the ages and who is ready to  
nurture on his holy heart the woes of all  
who will come to him. Oh, what a  
God! What a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations  
in some kind of trouble ever since the  
world was created and hurled down the  
embankments. The demon of sin  
came to this world, but other demons  
have gone through other worlds. The  
demon of conflagration, the demon of  
volcanic disturbance, the demon of de-  
struction.

La Place says he saw one world in  
the northern hemisphere 16 months  
burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw an-  
other world burning. A French astron-  
omer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds  
have disappeared. I do not see why in-  
fideles find it so hard to believe that two  
worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when  
the astronomers tell us that 1,500  
worlds have stopped. Even the moon is  
a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar  
catastrophes innumerable. But it seems  
as if the most sorrows have been reserved  
for our world. By one loss of the world  
at Tienbora, of 15,000 inhabitants,  
only 30 people escaped. By one shake  
of the world at Lisbon in five minutes  
60,000 perished, and 200,000 before the  
earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls  
in Switzerland, burying the village of  
Goldsau. A mountain falls in Italy in  
the night, when 2,000 people are asleep,  
and they never arose. By a convulsion  
of the earth Japan broken off from Chi-  
na. By a convulsion of the earth the  
Caribbean islands broken off from Amer-  
ica. Three islands near the mouth of  
the Ganges, with 240,000 inhabitants,  
are cut off from the sea breaks over them,  
and 214,000 perished that day. Alas, alas,  
for our poor world! It has been recently  
discovered that a whole continent has  
sunk, a continent that connected Europe  
and America—a part of the inhabitants  
of that continent going to Europe, part  
coming to America over the tablelands  
of Mexico, up through the valleys of the  
Mississippi, and we are finding now the  
remains of their mounds and their cities  
in Mexico, in Colorado and the tablelands  
of the west. It is a matter of demonstration  
that a whole continent has gone down,  
the Azores off the coast of Spain only the  
highest mountain of that sunken contin-  
ent, its splendor, the multitude of its in-  
habitants, its splendor and its awful de-  
struction, and the world thought it was  
a romance, but archeologists have found  
out it is history, and the English and  
the German, and the American fleets  
have gone forth with archeologists, and  
the Challenger, and the Dolphin, and  
the Gannet have dropped anchor, and in  
deep sea soundings they have found the  
contour of that sunken continent.

**The Rock of Ages.**  
Oh, there is trouble marked on the  
rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the  
flora and the fauna! Astronomical trou-  
ble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble,  
political trouble, domestic trouble, and  
standing in the presence of all those stu-  
pendous devastations I ask if I am not  
right in saying that the great want of  
this age and all ages is divine sympathy.  
The people have lost comfort, and they  
are found not in the Brahma of the Hindoo  
or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but  
in the Christ unto whom shall the gather-  
ing of the people be. Other worlds  
may fall, but this morning star will  
never be blotted from the heavens. The  
earth may quake, but this rock of ages  
will never be shaken from its founda-  
tions. The same Christ who fed the  
5,000 will feed all the world's hunger.  
The same Christ who cured the blind-  
ness will illumine all blindness. The same  
Christ who made the dumb speak will  
put on every tongue a hosanna. The  
same Christ who awoke Lazarus from  
the sarcophagus will yet rully all the  
pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I  
know that my Redeemer liveth," and  
that "to him shall the gathering of the  
people be." Ah, my friends, when  
Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to  
lift this miserable wreck of a sunken  
world it will not take him long to lift it.

I have thought that this particular  
age in which we live may be given up  
to the demon of sin and inventions by  
which through quick and instantaneous com-  
munication all cities and all communi-  
ties and all lands will be brought to-  
gether, and then in another period per-  
haps these inventions which have been  
used for worldly purposes will be  
brought out for gospel invitation, and  
some great prophet of the Lord will  
come and snatch the mysterious, sub-  
lime and miraculous telephone from the  
hand of commerce, and all lands and  
kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire,  
through telephonic communication, in-  
stant announcement and life through  
Jesus Christ, and then, putting the  
wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's  
prophet, the response shall come back,  
"I believe in God, the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus  
Christ, his only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the  
day. I think those of us who are over  
40 years of age can scarcely expect to see  
the day. I expect before that time our  
bodies will be sound asleep in the ham-  
mocks of the old gospel ship as it goes  
sailing on. But Christ will wake us up  
and we will see the achievement. We go  
have sweated in the hot harvest fields  
will be at the door of the garner when  
the sheaves come in. That work for which  
in this world we toiled and wept and  
struggled and wore ourselves out shall  
not come to consummation and we be  
oblivious of the achievement. We will  
be allowed to come out and shake hands  
with the victors. We who fought in the  
earlier battles will have just as much  
right to rejoice as those who redeemed  
their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah,  
yea, those who could only give a cupful  
of cold water in the name of a disciple,  
those who could only scrape a handful  
of lint for a wounded soldier; those who  
could only administer to old age in its  
decrepitude; those who could only  
coax a poor waif of the street to go back  
home to her God; those who could only  
lift a little child in the arms of Christ,

will have as much right to take part in  
the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as  
a Chrysostom. It will be your victory  
and mine as well as Christ's, he the  
conqueror, we shouting in his train.  
Christ the victor will pick out the hum-  
blest of his disciples in the crowd, and  
turning half around on the white horse  
of victory he shall point her out for ap-  
proval by the multitude as he says,  
"she did what she could." Then putting  
his hand on the head of some man,  
who by his industry made one talent  
do the work of ten, he will say: "Thou  
hast been faithful over a few things. I  
will make thee ruler over ten cities."  
Two different theories about the fulfill-  
ment of this promise.

**Gathering of the People.**  
There are people who think Christ  
will come in person and sit on a throne.  
Perhaps he may. I should like to see  
the seared feet going up the stairs of a  
palace in which all the glories of the  
Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and  
St. Mark's, and the Winter palace are  
gathered. I should like to see the world  
pay Christ in love for what it did to  
him in maltreatment. I should like to be  
one of the grooms of the charges  
holding the stirrup as the King mounts.  
Oh, what a glorious time it would be on  
earth if Christ would break through the  
heavens, and right there this prophecy  
fulfilled, "Unto him shall the gathering  
of the people be." But failing in that I  
bargain to meet you at the ponderous  
gates of heaven on the day when our  
Lord comes back. Garlands of all na-  
tions on his brow—the bronze na-  
tions of the south and the pallid na-  
tions of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa,  
North and South America and the other  
continents that may arise meantime  
from the sea to take the places of their  
sunken predecessors; and of Trajan,  
such of Cæsar, such of Triumph in the  
Champs Elysees, all too poor to wel-  
come this King of kings, and Lord of  
lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in  
his august arrival. Turn out all heaven  
to meet him. Hang all along the route  
the flags of earthly dominion, whether  
decorated with crescent or star or eagle  
or lion or coronet. Hang out heaven's  
brightest banner, with its one star of  
Bethlehem and blood striped of the  
cross. I hear the procession now. Hark,  
such of the feet, the rumbling of the  
wheels, the clattering of the hoofs  
and the shout of the riders! Ten thou-  
sand times ten thousand and thousands  
of thousands. Put up in heaven's lib-  
rary, right beside the completed volume  
of the world's ruin, the completed vol-  
ume of Shiloh's triumph. The old  
promise struggling through the ages ful-  
filled at last, "Unto him shall the gather-  
ing of the people be."

While everlasting ages roll  
Loud love shall feast their soul  
And scenes of bliss forever new  
Rise in succession to their view.

**Force of Air Waves.**  
Professor Boys of London recently de-  
livered an illustrated lecture in which  
he showed photographs of the Lee-Met  
bullet as it passed through a quarter  
inch sheet of glass. Just before the  
bullet touched the sheet the air wave  
cut a disk of glass about half an inch  
in diameter clean out. At the same  
time the glass around the hole was  
crushed into powder and driven back at  
an extremely rapid rate. The glass  
stuck to the bullet for a short time after  
it had passed through, the disk being  
driven out in front of the "bow wave."  
In this experiment the waves caused by  
the vibrations of the glass were plainly  
shown. A photograph of the bullet after  
it